

Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1914

It is much easier to be critical than
to be correct.
—Benjamin Disraeli.

The Newspaper Day

Tucson is the birthplace of many sensible ideas. Secretary J. F. Myers of the Tucson Chamber of Commerce has proposed the "Newspaper Day." Not long ago somewhere, we believe in California, the special Commodity Day was originated. We think the first was "Raisin Day." After that there was "Prune Day," and other days on which people were especially urged to purchase and consume the commodity to which that particular day was dedicated. These "Days" spread all over the country. "Cheese Day," "Butter Day," "Sugar Day," etc., until they became a national nuisance. The nuisance depended for its existence upon newspaper publicity, which at first was freely given, until the newspapers perceived that they were being made instruments, not for the upbuilding of their communities, but for giving an impetus to certain private enterprises.

Since then the newspapers have ignored these special trade days, except when they have given publicity to them at regular space rates. We do not know whether that has been done at all. Probably not, since there is not likely to be an organization sufficiently compact and interested to pay for such advertisements. But it does not require a very compact or interested organization to try to secure free space from the newspapers.

These "Days" were of not the slightest benefit to any community at large. If people were induced to buy more raisins, prunes or cheese at one time than they needed, it was not good for the people, and the purchases were not of any advantage to the producers of, or dealers in, such products. Whatever advantage there was lay in the free advertisement the newspapers gave certain industries.

Secretary Myers proposes that a day shall be set apart for the purchase by citizens of Tucson of copies of the home newspapers, to be mailed to friends and acquaintances in all parts of the country. It is estimated that from 30,000 to 50,000 copies of the Tucson papers may be so distributed, and that thereby Tucson may be much more greatly benefited than by the local boosting by the newspapers of some local product. "Newspaper Day" would not be of great financial advantage to the newspapers.

There is very little profit in casual newspaper sales. They add nothing to the advertising value of newspaper space. Fifty thousand papers of a single issue, scattered from Maine to California, would not make the space worth any more to local advertisers, but they would rivet the attention of thousands of people in all sections of the country upon Tucson.

A Business Men's Movement

There is a strong movement of the business men of this valley, and we believe of business men outside the valley, in behalf of the renomination of F. A. Jones as corporation commissioner. It is a thoroughly non-partisan movement, a tribute to the distinguished services of Mr. Jones on the commission. The candidacy of Mr. Jones was urged upon him by men of all parties after his announcement some months ago that he would not be a candidate. He is, therefore, we believe, the only one in the long list of democratic candidates whose candidacy has been undertaken in response to the demand of any element. Candidates generally have been impelled to become such by personal interest or ambition.

Though Mr. Jones is a democrat, he has not been a democratic commissioner, and we do not want party commissioners, but popular commissioners. The corporation commission's business is with rates of service of public service corporations, and in those rates democrats, progressives and republicans are equally interested.

Mr. Jones is said by experts to be more familiar with the subject of rates than any other man in Arizona; it is said that he is without a superior on the Pacific coast. He has applied his knowledge fearlessly and impartially during the last three years. That is why business men who are, as a rule, non-partisan, want him at least two years more.

If Paris Surrenders

If, as a correspondent from Dieppe states, the French are even considering the surrender of Paris without a struggle, it will doubtless be surrendered. It would be a loss, not only to France but to the world, if the treasures of that city should be exposed to the fire of the great siege guns of the Germans. There is only one Louvre in the world rich in art treasures and in history; there is only one Notre Dame; there are other treasures whose loss would be as great a disaster to mankind as the destruction of the Alexandrian library.

If the allies cannot prevent the bombardment of Paris, they cannot prevent the over-running of France by the Germans. While the city is the most strongly fortified in the world and might withstand assault indefinitely, it would engage the attention of only a comparatively small part of the German strength, the rest of which would sweep over northern, western and southern France, whose defenses

are far inferior to those east and northeast of Paris. Meanwhile the capital would be isolated, without prospect of relief.

To the splendid armament of the Germans, more powerful than that of any other nation, is to be added the fleet of Zeppelins which would rain down destruction from the clouds. Within a few weeks all but the defenses would be in ruins. The Parisians have before them the fate of Lovain, whose ancient treasures are gone; the destruction of its famous Cathedral of St. Pierre, with its priceless paintings, and the wiping out of its ancient university. Much of this ruin has been unnecessary and was accomplished in a spirit of revenge for the stubborn resistance offered. All points of resistance in the German path are marked by blots of ruin.

If Paris is surrendered, what then? May we not hope that is the opening of a prospect of peace?

Flight of French Fashions

American ladies have probably already been informed that there will be no monstrosities this year known as Parisian creations or Parisian models. We do not know where Monsieur Poiret, the designer of nightmares, is at present—possibly in Bordeaux—but doubtless his inventive mind is occupied by other matters than devilish dress designs. In order to concoct such schemes as we have seen, one must be undisturbed by adventitious events, and the coming of the Germans is an event.

If we should have Parisian styles, after all, this fall, according to the dispatches of yesterday, they will be German creations, which have never been received with great favor in this country. There is an amplex in the German mode which suggests clothing, in contrast to the French designs which, without approaching nudity, suggest the form divine.

Out of it all there may be developed an American style, in which there will be a meeting of German ungainliness and French frippery. On such a compromise peace may be declared and this horrible war of fashions ended.

GERMANY UNREADY AT SEA

The part the navies of the powers would play in a general European war must be receiving the anxious attention of Admiral Von Tirpitz, to whom inspiration and energy Germany owes her modern battle fleet. "Our future lies upon the seas," has been a favorite saying of the emperor, his master. If the test of the strength and efficiency of the fleet is to come now, Germany is not ready for it. She has always disclaimed a policy of challenging England's supremacy upon the sea. Again and again Von Tirpitz has said that the German navy must be so strong that any power would have to count the consequences of making war upon the fatherland.

The grand admiral always has had in mind England as the aggressor, but if the Triple Alliance is to be pitted against the Triple Entente on sea as well as on land it is the combined fleets of England, France and Russia that Germany would have to deal with in the North and Baltic seas. She could not reckon upon any assistance in these waters from her Mediterranean allies. The problem for Germany would not only be to defend her coast and naval stations on the North sea, but to guard her Baltic littoral from attack by the reorganized Russian navy, which, if not strong in dreadnoughts, can dispatch from Kronstadt a formidable flotilla of destroyers and submarines.

In the first line of battle Germany would be much inferior to England and France and hopelessly over-matched in reserve ships if they were needed. But a war upon the sea would be sudden and sharp unless the German fleet retired to the three harbors of Wilhelmshaven and to the naval station of Kiel on the Baltic, to which access can only be had from the North sea by the Kaiser Wilhelm canal. The outpost of Heligoland has been well fortified, and in its improved harbor it provides a rendezvous and refuge for warships, but it would hardly be the initial policy of the German admiralty to use Heligoland except as a base for torpedo boat attack.

It is now regarded as an axiom that a naval campaign would be decided by one great conflict between first line of battle ships—that is to say, dreadnoughts. Sir Percy Scott would amend by affirming that the torpedo boat flotillas would play at least an equal part with the battleships and battle cruisers, but this is a point to be settled in the shock of sea powers of the first rank. It is impossible to say exactly how many dreadnoughts of both classes England, Germany and France have in commission and prepared to enter a fleet action at this time.

A compilation made under the direction of Lieutenant C. C. Gill of the United States navy at the beginning of the year assigned to England twenty-seven dreadnoughts (including battle cruisers), Germany seventeen and France two. France must now be credited with two more and both England and Germany are proportionately stronger than when the estimate was made. It is within bounds to say that at the present time England and France could send into the line of battle almost two dreadnoughts to Germany's one. If the six Dantons, warships practically in the dreadnought class, for they carry batteries of four 12-inch guns and twelve 9.1-inch guns, be added to the French fleet, the disparity is more marked. In battleships of the second line, of about ten thousand tons or more displacement, Great Britain and France have respectively forty and eighteen and Germany twenty.

If Sir Percy Scott is sound in his contention that torpedo boats and submarines will decide the great sea fights of the future, then Germany is still weaker off when comparisons are made. To her available batteries of four 12-inch guns and twelve 9.1-inch guns, she added to the French fleet, the disparity is more marked. In battleships of the second line, of about ten thousand tons or more displacement, Great Britain and France have respectively forty and eighteen and Germany twenty.

The failure of Germany to triumph quickly in her land campaign against France and Russia would be disastrous to her as a naval and mercantile power. If she manages to avoid a decisive engagement with the British and French fleets, her overseas commerce would be destroyed or crippled, with dire consequences to her dependent population. But she will probably put her navy to the test, relying, as other combatants inferior in armament have always done in the past, upon the efficiency of her rank and file. It is unnecessary at this time to consider the bearing of sea power in the Mediterranean upon the issue of a widespread European conflict. It is of minor importance.

WAR TIME SCENES IN FRANCE; SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THE MAIN ARMY; WATER SUPPLY OF THE FRENCH FORCES



One of the accompanying pictures shows French soldiers on their way to join the main army partaking of refreshments at a frontier town while watering their mounts at the village pump. The other shows motor driven trucks, carrying tanks of pure drinking water, which follow in the wake of the French army.

Servia

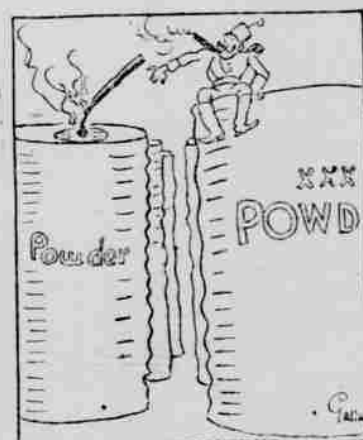
By GEORGE FITCH
Author of "At Good Old Siwash"

Servia, which has the proud distinction of having started the greatest war that the world has ever seen, is about as large, comparatively, as the match which fires the powder keg. It has 19,000 square miles, and it has been prancing about vigorously in history for the last 1,200 years.

Servia, located in the southeast corner of the Balkan volcano across the river Save from Austria and 17,000,000 miles from universal peace, is a little smaller than West Virginia, looks much like that state—being plentifully speckled with low mountains—and acts considerably like West Virginia during a coal strike. It has 2,500,000 people, each of whom is armed with a name which drives an American telegraph editor into unnatural gloom when he tries to decipher it.

The principal occupations of the Servians are farming, cattle raising, fighting and emigrating to America. This country will soon be the greatest Servian nation on earth if the population of Servia itself continues to stroll into the cannon's mouth much longer.

The Servian is the first cousin of the Russian and belongs to the Slav family. There is a vast difference between a Slav and the same word with an "e" on the end of it, as far as the Servian is concerned. He takes no interest in slavery whatever and is as easy to govern by a hostile power



"About as large, comparatively, as the match which fires the powder keg."

as a swarm of hornets would be. Eastern history is stuffed with the unending accounts of attempts by various nations to make the Servian come when called and jump through a hoop at the request of some other nation. It can be done, but other nations have about come to the conclusion that the result isn't worth the effort.

The Servians moved into their country in the seventh century, after the Romans, Huns, Ostrogoths, and others had infested it for centuries. In the fourteenth century Stephen Dushan, who is as big to Servians as Napoleon is to the French, raged exceedingly throughout the neighborhood and annexed Albania, Bulgaria, Thrace and most of Greece. Later on Turkey conquered Servia, but succeeded in 1718 in working it off on Austria, who held it until her fingers were severely burned and then passed it back to Turkey. Servia revolted against Turkey and its own rulers with a glad cry in 1813, 1815, and biennially thereafter until 1873, when it got full independence and permission to accumulate its own national debt, which it has done with great diligence ever since, being now considerably behind in interest, but otherwise cheerful.

NONE TOO PROUD

Secretary of War Garrison, apropos of the revival in navy and army of vice-admirals and lieutenant-generals, said at a luncheon:

"This is largely a matter of diplomatic etiquette, a matter of elegance.

"Much goes by elegance nowadays, you know," I said, recently, to a multimillionaire who had risen from a plumber's apprentice to I don't know how many bank presidencies and interlocking directorates.

"Your woman folks must be proud of you, since you are self-made."

"Yes," he answered grimly. "Yes, they're about as proud of me as they'd be of a home-made dress."—Washington Star.

The Better Day

By WALT MASON

When the world is sick of killing and the nations tired of gore, man will draw his daily shilling, as a butcher, never more. He'll get down to useful labor, softly saying, "Why the deuce should I shoot my next-door neighbor, with no reason or excuse?" When this gift of wholesale murder, relic of dark days, shall cease, man will use his strength to further all the gentle arts of peace. Then disarmed will be the legions and the gun will smile at morn on the quiet, fertile regions where we'll raise our kaffir corn. Then the gun, which like a crater, belches fire and fury now, will become a cultivator, or, perhaps, a three-horse plow. Captains then, who "give no quarter," kings with terror in their looks, shall convert the gun and mortar into scythes and pruning hooks. Then no more shall foolish trifles call the nations into fray, and we'll turn our quick-firing rifles into tools for pitching hay. So this present cataclysm, shocking though it be, and vast, we may view with optimism, since it's apt to be the last. When the soldiers have dismounted from their chargers, scarred and thin, when the corpses have been counted, and the blood has measured been, drums of war will throbb no longer, flags of battle will be folded, and the weaker and the stronger hand in hand will walk the world.

A VISION OF WAR

(Robert G. Ingersoll)

The past rises before me, as it were, like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparations—the music of blustering drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles.

We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more.

We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep.

Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. And some are talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful thing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospi-

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tails of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are bound with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes die. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen, the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides and schoolhouses and books and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines.

They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace.

In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead. Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

IDLE THOUGHTS

"Why are you watching that fly so intently?"
"I was just wondering if men would ever be able to tango up and down the walls like they do. Wouldn't it be fine?"—Kansas City Journal.

The Phoenix National Bank



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